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THE

Commonweal

Japan Today

Between Two Worlds

by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Running for Office

My First Hurrah

by John C. Cort

MELODRAMATIC NOVEL OF IDEAS . . . . . by John P. Sisk
THE UNCOMMON WOOLF . . . . . by Max Cosman
AN ADULT CATECHISM . . . . . by Gerard S. Sloyan
DRAMA ON THE KLONDIKE . . . . . by John Cournos

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The Temporal Order

The Commonweal has been generally accepted as a Catholic publication, though there is nothing in the masthead to indicate that the magazine is an organ of the Church or of any official body of the Church. As a wholly independent lay weekly which is primarily concerned with the temporal order — the specific province of the layman — The Commonweal clearly cannot claim to speak for the Church. . . .

As long as The Commonweal continues to concern itself mainly with the thorny social and political problems of the day — dealing in concrete realities and not only in abstract principles — a large number of Catholics will continue to take strong issue with the magazine. This is as it should be. . . .

As is fitting for a lay publication, our primary interest is in the "world," the temporal order. We do not conceive of our role in priestly or near-priestly terms. We do not think it is our special vocation to lay down the moral law for others or to indulge in overt preaching, for instance. This is not to say that we think social, political and artistic matters can be divorced from morality or that it is proper for a group of Catholic editors to put out a magazine which does not give expression to the Christian spirit. But, in terms of the Christian vocation, it is our feeling that The Commonweal should serve more as a "witness" than as an apostle. . . .

—From a leaflet, *What is The Commonweal?*

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE INTERMITTENT WAR

THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS' extraordinary declaration that only on odd dates would they bomb Nationalist-held positions in the Quemoy sector of the Taiwan Strait struck a seemingly incongruous note in the tense, unstable, conflict which is entering its third month. Indeed, if the issues were not so crucial and the stakes so high, the declaration would seem designed more for comic opera than strategic maneuvering.

But the terms of the declaration suggest a deliberate and serious intent. Addressing the Nationalists, Communist China's Defense Minister said that the order was given "so that our compatriots, both military and civilian . . . may all get sufficient supplies . . . to facilitate your entrenchment for a long time to come." The Defense Minister added that this action would be suspended if United States escorts helped the Nationalists in their supply operations. In such a case there would be, he asserted. a sharp reply.

Several high-ranking Chinese Nationalists saw the announcement in terms quite favorable to the West. Calling it "childish nonsense," they termed it a face-saving device designed to allow the Communists to withdraw from earlier threats which they had been unable to carry out. And some Western observers, who saw it in much the same light, thought that the declaration demonstrated clearly the effectiveness of United States foreign policy in the Far East.

There are, however, more likely and less optimistic conclusions to be drawn from the latest Communist action. After the offshore islands had undergone several weeks of shelling and our foreign policy had been severely criticized both at home and abroad, Mr. Dulles indicated that the policy was, after all, a flexible one. In the ambiguous and contradictory statements of the President and Mr. Dulles there was discernible a change of attitude about the military value of the islands, the wisdom of committing large forces to them, and the feasibility of Chiang Kai-shek returning to the mainland of China by force.

Subsequent to official statements from our national leaders the Communists announced a cease-fire. This cease-fire was viewed by many as a sign of weakening on the part of the Communists and a tribute to our initial policy. Almost as if he were persuaded by such views Mr. Dulles then reiterated the "hard" policy from which he had, seemingly, veered. And the shelling of the off-shore islands resumed.

FROM THE sequence of these events there emerges a fairly clear pattern. The hard policy on our part will be met by an equally hard policy on the part of the Chinese Communists. And the offshore islands offer them an easy means to involve the U.S. with minimum risk to themselves.

The present Communist declaration might seem, at first, not to fall into this pattern. When, following a guarded U.S. suggestion that the islands should be largely demilitarized after a permanent cease-fire, the Communists speak of facilitating the Nationalist entrenchment "for a long time to come," the value of the islands is called sharply into question. If the Communists actually do want the islands and cannot take them by assault, it should be clear that they stand a better chance of getting them by negotiation after a cease-fire than by intermittent shelling. And if they are prepared to see a long-time entrenchment, why continue the shelling?

The positive military value of the islands, it is evident, has been overstressed by both the Communist Chinese and the United States. They are,

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however, of significant symbolic importance—and not only as an issue to test the relative strength and determination of Communist and Western forces.

As long as the islands are controlled by U.S.-supported Nationalist forces, the Communists have a point for apparent negotiation, both with the United States and with Nationalist forces. If, however, all Nationalist forces are withdrawn to Taiwan and Chiang Kai-shek renounces any plan to invade the mainland by force, the Communists cannot maintain that they need fear Nationalist forces. Furthermore, the United States would have moved closer to a possible "two-China" policy. While this has always been repugnant to Chiang Kai-shek, it is also quite unsatisfactory to the leaders of Communist China. The intermittent shelling of the offshore islands will forestall, if it does not prevent, such an eventuality.

Communist China has adopted a foolishly godlike approach in its "humane" shelling of the islands. It is, nevertheless, in the aggressive position and more able to control the situation than are we. This, in itself, is enough to indicate the unguided course of our Far East ventures.

RURAL LIFE MEETING

DURING THE PAST three decades the number of Americans engaged in farming has steadily decreased; the proportion of farm families in this once predominantly agricultural nation has fallen to around one in ten. Yet the work of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference is of considerably greater importance today than it was in the twenties and thirties. If one obvious reason is the extent to which that organization has developed under the leadership of Monsignor Luigi Ligutti and his colleagues, the other is the nature and scope of the various challenges it is now called upon to meet.

Here at home farm labor comprises the largest single group yet to attain a decent share in the widespread prosperity and security the American people have built up in recent years. The New York *Times* of October 23, for example, editorializes about the depressed plight of our farm workers—the four hundred thousand regularly employed on large commercial farms, the half million American migratory workers and the half million others that are imported seasonally from Mexico and the West Indies for farm work in this country: "The wages of all of them are notoriously low and their living conditions are often disgraceful."

The flight from the city during the past decade has meant that thousands of urban families, while not farming, find themselves for the first time on the land. Many have difficulty in adapting themselves to their new environment. This quest for sunshine, fresh air and family living space has greatly expanded the Rural Life Conference's actual and potential clientele. Bringing up one's children in the country can serve greatly to develop Christian family and parish life. Curiously enough even present-day inflation and huge farm surpluses can be utilized to develop domestic food stamp plans for needy families, pensioners and others on limited fixed incomes.

One of the Conference's leading principles is that America's extraordinary agricultural abundance should be shared with the hungry and destitute peoples of the earth. It has been in the forefront, in Washington and elsewhere, among those agencies which are promoting the distribution of our surpluses in lands where they are most needed.

At the same time the fact that most of the underdeveloped countries of the earth are predominantly agricultural gives the Conference a role of special importance. Through emissaries and meetings, such as the conference it recently sponsored in Latin America, the N.C.R.L.C. has been able to inculcate sounder methods of cultivation and conservation of the soil, development and preservation of the family-operated farm, better types of land ownership and tenure and the building of credit unions and consumer and producer cooperatives in many other lands.

With this as a background it is hardly surprising that the Thirty-Fifth Annual Convention of the N.C.R.L.C. at Fort Wayne, Ind., was so successful, even though Monsignor Ligutti himself was not well enough to be on hand. Some fifteen American bishops were in attendance and took an active part in the proceedings. It was quite in line with the program of an organization that champions the family farm for Howard Cowden of Kansas City, head of the Consumers Cooperative Association, to stress so eloquently what farmers when banded together can do to help themselves. The informative way in which Senator Aiken of Vermont (Rep.) and Senator Humphrey of Minnesota (Dem.)—both members of the Senate Agricultural Committee—presented the need and types of government intervention in farm problems persuasively underlined many of the objectives of the Conference. Those who were fortunate enough to attend the Fort Wayne meeting could only agree with the two Senators that never has the the National Catholic Rural

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Life Conference been in a better position to accomplish so much, both in this country and overseas.

WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE

THREE WEEKS AGO in these pages we criticized Mr. Eisenhower for what we called lack of leadership in the integration crisis. As one example we cited the fact that in the four years since the Supreme Court decision on desegregation there has never been a White House Conference of Governors on this subject, although this would have been an obviously useful move. We urged such a conference, and we further suggested that the President adopt a recent suggestion by Governor Collins of Florida, who proposed that the White House take the lead in the establishment of regional boards to concern themselves with integration questions on the local level.

We are now happy, therefore, to note that the wave of bombings in the South has apparently persuaded the President to take some such action. After the bombing of a Jewish temple in Atlanta, Rabbi Joachim Prinz, president of the American Jewish Congress, wired President Eisenhower to suggest a White House conference on the subject of racial and religious hatreds. A letter from President Eisenhower to Rabbi Prinz was subsequently released to the press, telling him that "careful consideration" was being given to calling such a conference and a special Governors' Conference as well.

We applaud this move, for we are convinced that such conferences under White House auspices could do much to check the rising tide of hatred and extremism. We hope that the public announcement that "careful consideration" is being given to them means that the decision to hold them has already been made, and that they will take place in the near future. We only urge that these plans be broadened to include local meetings under White House Auspices, in which community leaders from the regions most vitally concerned could participate.

PASTERNAK'S LONELY JOY

THE SOVIET reaction to the success of Russian poet and novelist Boris Pasternak would be comic if it were not played against a terrible reality of bloody oppression and human misery. Like many another citizen of the Communist states, Mr. Pasternak was apparently affected by the relaxation of Soviet dogma immediately after the death of Stalin. He broke his long, self-imposed silence, wherein he had produced no original work, and completed the now famous novel *Dr. Zhivago*. While the book was being prepared for publication by the official Soviet State Publishing House, however, the Communist line took another zig, and what had been—all too briefly—admirable free discussion of ideas suddenly became inexcusable counterrevolutionary propaganda.

But the manuscript of *Dr. Zhivago* was also in the hands of a foreign publisher—a Communist publisher in Milan—who refused to surrender the manuscript to Moscow. Last year, over Soviet protests, *Dr. Zhivago* appeared in Italian, arousing immediate and world-wide attention, and was recently published in English in the United States, where it won an enthusiastic response.

A large part of the excitement generated by the book was due to the identity of the author, a well-known Russian poet who had been a member of the Soviet Commissariat on Education, and to the circumstances of its publishing. Another reason for the world's interest in the book lay in the philosophical ideas it conveyed. These ideas, in the tradition of Western Judaeo-Christian thought, emphasized the worth and dignity of the individual and dissented strongly from official Marxist doctrine. A final but important basis for the book's eager reception was its merit on purely literary terms, as a fictional epic in the tradition of Tolstoy.

That Mr. Pasternak has now been voted the Nobel Prize for Literature has provoked the Soviets to wild attacks on him ("traitor," "Judas," "slanderer") and on the Swedish Academy which selects the prize-winner ("bourgeois connoisseurs . . . of reaction"). The vicious denunciations of Mr. Pasternak and the Nobel Prize are painfully inconsistent with the official pleasure and satisfaction expressed when Soviet chemist Semenov won the prize two years ago. Furthermore, the vilification of Mr. Pasternak declares that he is a liar in his representation of the Soviet Union as a place where freedom has been lost. The great irony is, of course, that the denunciation and official pressures on him go far in proving that Mr. Pasternak is not a liar. And the fact is that *Dr. Zhivago* has been suppressed in the U.S.S.R. and the Russian people forbidden to read it.

The situation is absurd, but much too grim to be laughed at. Nobody knows if Mr. Pasternak will be permitted to accept the award, if he will be permitted to go to Stockholm, if he can hold out against Kremlin threats, pressures—and perhaps worse. But what he has done already—in writing his book,

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in thus far standing up to the commissars in his "lonely joy"—has rendered great service to the cause of truth and freedom. May he see them prevail in his own country.

PROPRIETY, PRUDENCE AND MORE

THE RECENT C.B.S. television play on "The Plot to Kill Stalin" has drawn a good deal of adverse criticism—in this country as well as in the Soviet Union. Soviet Ambassador Menshikov filed an official protest with the State Department, denouncing as slanderous the representation of living Soviet officials, including Premier Nikita Khrushchev, as engaged in a murder plot against Stalin and then denying him medical treatment at the time of his stroke.

It has been pointed out that a work of fiction which depicts living people, by name, in the act of committing horrible crimes, is at best in shockingly poor taste, perhaps even libelous. Some critics felt that, aside from propriety and ethics, the play was to be deplored on the practical grounds that it strained our diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R., especially now when a much-needed cultural exchange is being cautiously expanded.

We agree with both these criticisms, but feel that there is another quite important reason for deploring the Playhouse 90 production. It is that it turned attention from the real evils of Communism and the real nature of the struggle between the Soviet and Western ideologies. The C.B.S. melodrama tended to reduce this struggle to the inconsequential terms of "cops and robbers" and "whodunit."

BACK FROM LEBANON

ALTHOUGH THE situation in Lebanon, at least, proved to be hardly as desperate as Washington diagnosed it last July when it despatched our soldiers and marines, uncertainty whether prompt Anglo-American intervention in the area actually prevented other uprisings will continue. Now that American forces have withdrawn after three months—and the British are beginning to follow—new scrutiny appears to be in order. Little has been settled in the interim and the tensions in the Arab lands continue. Resentment over chronic poverty and over subservience to local pashas and opposition to foreign political and economic domination are said to be stronger than ever. Hard-pressed governments such as King Hussein's have now been thrown back upon their own limited resources, since no U.N. peace or police force is at hand. The Cairo radio continues menacing, and Nasser is drawing closer to the Soviet Union. Yet even now the objectives of Arab nationalism and of Soviet Communism need to be clearly differentiated if a convincing American policy is to be formulated.

"RIGHT TO WORK"

PROPOSALS for "right-to-work" laws appear on the ballots in six states in this fall's election, including the industrial states of California and Ohio. With little over a week to go before the voting, several Ohio readers sent us copies of an advertisement and an elaborate brochure which use a quotation from The Commonweal along with others under the general heading, "Religious Leaders Speak Out for Right to Work."

In view of this fact, readers of The Commonweal in Ohio and in other states where such laws are at issue may be interested in a telegram which we sent immediately to the committee responsible for publishing this material, a copy of which went also to the editor of the newspaper in which the advertisement we saw appeared. The full text follows:

"OUR ATTENTION HAS BEEN DRAWN TO YOUR ADVERTISEMENT ON BEHALF OF RIGHT-TO-WORK LEGISLATION WHICH APPEARED IN THE DAYTON *Journal-Herald* FOR OCTOBER 25, AND WHICH INCLUDED A QUOTATION FROM THE COMMONWEAL. THE PERMISSION OF THIS MAGAZINE TO USE THIS QUOTATION WAS NEVER ASKED NOR GIVEN, NOR WOULD IT HAVE BEEN, FOR ITS USE OUT OF CONTEXT GIVES A COMPLETELY FALSE IMPRESSION OF OUR EDITORIAL POSITION. THE EDITORS OF THE COMMONWEAL HAVE CRITICIZED ABUSES BY SOME LABOR LEADERS. HOWEVER, WE CONSIDER RIGHT-TO-WORK LAWS BAD LEGISLATION WHICH WOULD DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD AND WE OPPOSE THEM ON THAT BASIS. WE THEREFORE REQUEST THAT YOU ELIMINATE THIS MISLEADING USE OF A QUOTATION FROM OUR MAGAZINE FROM ALL YOUR FUTURE ADVERTISING OR CAMPAIGN MATERIAL."

Whether or not similar advertisements are being used in other states we do not know, and with the election almost upon us it is unlikely that we will find out in time for it to make much difference. If such advertisements are being used, however, the telegram quoted above would be equally relevant in any of the states where right-to-work proposals are on the ballot.

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Japan Today

Between Two Worlds

Nationalism at least acted as a substitute for religion, but now the Japanese are deprived of even this

by ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

IN SPITE OF the fact that every nation has its fill of outsiders, non-conformists, cynics and skeptics, there is always the necessity for a certain "public philosophy," which, ordinarily, has religious roots. Now if we look at Japan, a country which has suffered a crushing military defeat and which has momentous economic and military problems to face, what do we see there as such an active and effective "public philosophy"?

The spiritual, intellectual, social and political aspects of the life of every nation are so intimately integrated that they can never be entirely dissociated. Yet let us start with the external order of Japan, as it reveals itself to the visitor able to speak the language of the people. The immediate result of the American victory and occupation was the total collapse of the proud, semi-religious nationalism, a collapse soon implemented and sealed by a new democratic Constitution which left the Emperor legally as a mere symbol. His power is not only in practice but also in theory identical with that of the British monarch today. This is, of course, by no means a revolutionary change, since an effective monarchical power existed, perhaps, only during a few years of the Mutsuhito *(Meiji)* regime around the year 1900. The Shogunate, the military "Rule of the Tent" *(bakufu)* in non-aristocratic version, was gradually restored under his successors. Before this war one spoke of the triad of the *gunbatsu, zaibatsu, gakubatsu* ("Rule of the Army, Industrialists and Professors"). Now the movement is towards an absolute parliamentary rule without any possibility of a veto, thus providing the frame for a possible military-nationalistic or communistic-socialist "legally elected" government of tomorrow. At the present moment the latter seems to be more possible than the former, but the first faint signs of a nationalistic reaction are apparent. Of course, there is also a chance for a "national-socialistic" synthesis.

Needless to say, the belief in the divinity of the Emperor has never been accepted in modern times by the slightly more educated, and the collapse of 1945 was, in a way, a collapse of an ideological house of cards. When the military surrender took place in 1945, there still were some who faced it not only with a national but also a religious feeling of dejection and despair. Yet there were also others who found in their country's defeat the confirmation of what they had, consciously or subconsciously, suspected a long time ago, i.e., the superiority of the West in many sectors of human existence. Thus the old inhibitions crumbled overnight and the Japanese masses, led by those who admired the West, embraced Occidental forms of life with enthusiasm, self-abnegation and even with fanaticism. Needless to say, they usually accepted and imitated externals, and rarely the ideas which animate Western civilization.

RELIGIOUS opposition to this process there is none, and this for the simple reason that religion in Japan has been rotting away for a considerable time, although less so than in China where the spiritual situation was and remains even more critical. Of course, there are in Japan certain Buddhist sects, for instance, which have been active intellectually, which have produced valuable insights and been ethically constructive. This is especially true of Zen Buddhism with its roughly million and a half adherents (out of ninety million Japanese!), which plays the role of a spiritual force comparable to that of the American Unitarians in the nineteenth century.

But if Zen Buddhism is inspiring it is also depressing, especially if we bear in mind that it is, in its essence,

Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn, the Austrian novelist and political writer, recently returned to Japan for an extended visit.

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non-theistic, a mere search of oneself, a heroic effort of introspection and "self-emptying" in a spirit of a higher nihilism. In its "liturgy" it shows an amazing analogy with the Catholic ritual, which explains why the early missionaries saw in several Buddhist sects "diabolical" caricatures of our worship. Yet Zen Buddhism, though influential in the formation of the Japanese mind and outlook (its main impact had been on the upper classes), is still only one of the many Buddhist faiths, and Buddhism, which was imported from China, is not an original nor the most typical Japanese religion. Historically and "nationally" it ranks after Shintoism, which by any standard is a far more primitive religion.

Shintoism today is totally discredited, and this is true of "State Shintoism"—which is not a religion—as well as its spiritual counterpart. Whereas a number of serious people in one fashion or the other remain faithful to certain Buddhist notions, there is nothing really vital left of Shintoism, even though the famous Shinto shrines are still standing.

The Buddhist retreat is slower, but it too is clearly perceptible. The handbook *Japan 1956,* published by the Japan Overseas Publicity Association, frankly states that the "majority of the youth in the cities and country in Japan are more or less indifferent to problems of religion." An official inquiry, excellently treated by Father Joseph Roggendorf, S.J., in a recent issue of the *Japan Quarterly,* disclosed some startling facts: only 15.8 per cent of the college students profess a religious conviction; thirty-five per cent of the students in a Buddhist seminary were without faith in Buddha and forty-eight per cent did not believe in the immortality of the soul. And Professor D. Suzuki, the famous religious philosopher, after his return from Europe a few years ago, expressed his surprise that there were in the Occident "educated people who still believed in the historical revelation of Christ."

TALKS WHICH I had with young Japanese twenty years ago revealed that the only official creed they had could be expressed with the simple formula: "*Kuni no tame ni*—(Everything) for the Fatherland." This sort of patriotic enthusiasm has now collapsed and with it an important pillar of that specifically Japanese feeling for the individual's subordination under the collective whole. This does not mean that there is today any real individualism (or "personalism") in the Western sense rising in Japan—except if we consider juvenile delinquency, which has assumed amazing proportions. What we find at present is a craving for self-satisfaction, for wealth, for "fun," for security. There is a subconscious undercurrent of feeling that one ought to strive for these things as long as the going is good—but the going would cease to be good the moment Japan encountered substantial difficulties with her exports. The menacing shadows of dire poverty, the momentary prosperity, the basic insecurity of the entire country (economic no less than military and social), the bankruptcy of the old leading classes, the psychological scars of military defeat, the evanescence of the two historic faiths, the disestablishment of the emperor cult, the materialistic intoxication —all these contribute to a spiritual crisis such as we have never seen anywhere in Western civilization, not even in France or Russia.

We might congratulate the Japanese for the decay of their unhealthy nationalism, but nationalism at least acted as an *ersatz* for religion and now they are deprived of even this substitute. No wonder that two forces are penetrating this vacuum: Marxism, especially in its Communist edition, and Catholicism, with its very different appeals to the various classes and groups. Of these two forces Marxism is quicker and more immediately successful because it is a *fausse idée claire* (to use a good term coined by Tocqueville) and because it meets the present materialistic mood halfway. It makes itself felt especially in academic circles and. to a lesser degree, among the trade unions. Both Christianity and Marxism also have a strong appeal because they are Western and thus represent the "victorious principle."

As a "clear but false idea," Marxism has in Japan a wider, more immediate and more popular appeal than the Catholic faith. Nevertheless, Catholicism does have a few advantages. It can, and does, figure as a "historic Japanese religion," and it is significant that the learned periodical dealing with the history of the Church in pre-Meiji (pre-1868) days, the *Monumenta Nipponica,* though edited by the Jesuits, is financed by the Government. This history of the Japanese martyrs is singularly inspiring and so is the record of the Japanese Underground Church, which survived two hundred twenty-five years in a priestless state on a meager diet of only two Sacraments. This branch of the Church existed mostly on Kyushu and the adjoining regions, and when it "surfaced," in the second half of the nineteenth century, it showed that it was composed mostly of members of the lower classes with little social prestige. On the mainland, in Honshu, however, the situation is entirely different. The Catholic background is here more ephemeral, but the faith increases strongly in the upper social and intellectual brackets; at the same time the Church also shows profound concern for the poorest of the poor. It is a fashion—and not an entirely new one—to be or to become a Catholic, and the fashion is now spreading.

The Catholics of Japan, just like the Catholics of England (there are numerous parallels between these two nations), are fairly different from the rest of their co-nationals. They seem to be happier, more direct, franker, more humorous people, with a different re-

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lation between the sexes—both within and without the family. Incidentally, they have the relatively highest number of vocations in the world, i.e., almost forty per cent more than the Irish. These Catholics run first-rate periodicals, are intellectually exceedingly keen, can be found in many important positions, and will also, though today less than three hundred thousand in number, play a decisive role in the Japan of tomorrow. Japanese Catholics might constitute the only real (spiritual *and* intellectual) bridge between the Realm of the Rising Sun and the Occident.

CHRISTIAN notions and ideas, at present, are entering Japan from a variety of avenues. They come in all sorts of secularized versions. A most fantastic sight during December is the *Kurisumasu Seru* (Christmas Sale) when all the department stores—there are twenty-six huge ones in Tokyo alone—put on displays which are the very caricatures of our commercialized Christmas in the Western World. There we find not only the "Father Christmas" of the secularists, but also the gaudiest decorations, jingle bells and, occasionally, religious symbols. One could admire blonde and blue-eyed manikins, clad only in a little white fur, turning around on a disk to the tunes of *O sanctissima, o piissima.* Even worse was a one-act play I saw, featuring the adventure of an American Cinderella in a place resembling Central Park. A hunchbacked hobo defended this beautiful blonde girl (obviously a sixth-rate "Caucasian" actress) against a procurer, who finally fled; yet since she had no place to go she fell asleep on a park bench, as the hunchback put his coat over her and, like a faithful dog, lay down beside the bench. While they slept six naked females, representing a beautiful dream, danced around them, accompanied by the melody of *Silent Night, Holy Night.*

This reminded me of a Japanese popular song I heard, whose words sounded so strange to me that I bought the Columbia record bearing the full text. This is a new song of the Mamurogawa Region, music by Itsuro Hattori and text by Yutaka Kadota. The third verse, sung by a woman, goes as follows:

> I dreamt to have borne a child, *koriya*
> This girl, indeed, was Our Lady Mary
> If this child becomes Christ, *koriya*
> The world will be saved by it.
> *Hadonto koi-koi.*

These mutations of the deposit of the faith might startle us, but we cannot do much about it. In Bangkok, I remember, I saw in the famous Buddhist temple of Wat Sutat a decayed but still clearly recognizable painting of the Washing of the Feet. The notion of a God who washes the feet of human beings excited the imagination of the Siamese well over a hundred years ago and therefore they painted this scene. The Incarnation is such a tremendous fact and drama that it is bound to move human beings everywhere. In Japan, as in all Asiatic countries, pictorial representations of scenes from the New Testament, though often in the worst Barclay Street fashion, are entering the homes. One might deprecate this as a piece of fuzzy Asian syncretism, as a mere enrichment of the Oriental pantheon, and partly this is the case. (The new Japanese Seicho-no-ie sect uses as a symbol the Swastika, the Cross, the Star of David and the Crescent.) But the Asian mind simply does not have that sense of logic (which, by nature, is "ex-clusive") as we possess it, and in the realm of religion sometimes the last vestiges of logic seem eliminated.

Christian religious symbols also figure on the souvenirs one can buy in Nagasaki, a city in which I was deeply struck by the melancholy stemming from the two tragic events: the martyrdom and the tortures the Japanese Christians suffered in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and then the suffering of all under the atomic bomb in 1945. This evil weapon was dropped on the very heart of Catholic Japan, in the Urakami suburb, a few hundred feet from the largest cathedral in the Orient, packed with worshippers whose ancestors had persevered for more than two hundred years in the most heroic underground community in the annals of the Church.

I stood on the foot of Mount Tateyama where the Martyrs of Nagasaki were crucified in 1597; I touched the few remaining stones of the Urakami Cathedral; I visited the hot muds of Unzen where Christians had been boiled alive in a mock baptism; I walked over the hallowed ground of Shimabara where the Christians in 1638 made their last stand and whose walls had been breached with the guns lent to the Shogun by the Dutch, who hoped, in return, to get trading privileges. Thirty-seven thousand Catholic men, women and children were massacred there.

The Realm of the Rising Sun is a most contradictory group of islands. Spiritually it is an enormous void; yet it is also a *Terra Martyrum et Sanctorum.* Its converts are some of the most fervent Catholics in the world, men and women of exemplary piety. The Catholic community in Japan is making its headway in a sea of materialism, confusion and indifference yet abounding with great natural virtues which have not really been tapped. It is, perhaps, a symbol of promise and hope that one of those ordained this year to serve the Lord at the altar is a son of Baron Tokugawa, a descendant of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu, the worst persecutors of the Faith in an era gone by.

The Japanese form an ancient nation, but it is quite possible that the better and greater part of their history is still ahead of them. First the fearful spiritual void in which they find themselves now must be filled, but then a new and different dynamism might well carry them forward to a point far beyond us.

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There is no more gruelling job in the world than running for public office

My First Hurrah

by JOHN C. CORT

I'VE LEARNED what it feels like to run for public office. There was the day early in the campaign when I went down to Goodenough Street to find a friend. I had the wrong address and, seeing this group of people sitting on the lawn across the street, I approached them to ask directions.

They gave me directions and then I said, "As long as I'm here, have one of my cards. I'm John Cort, running for state representative."

An elderly lady said, "Sorry, but we're committed to Paul Kinsella."

"But you have two votes," I said. (It was a two-seat ward.) "You can always give me the other one."

"No," she said, "Joe Cusack's relatives live down the street."

Confronted by this hopeless situation, I said the first thing that came into my head. It was not one of my more felicitous remarks. "Well," I said, "if either one of them drops dead, remember me." The reaction was not good.

Afterwards—in fact, almost immediately—I thought of something more tactful to fit this situation. In fact, as I covered the ward ringing doorbells, I developed a set of stock answers for almost any situation.

I was not, however, a match for the old Polish lady who didn't want to vote for me because I had too many children.

"Too much money," she said.

"You mean I'd have to take too much graft to support my children?"

"That's right," she said.

"Do I look dishonest?" I said, a little indignant. And then, in a reference to a local scandal in the Department of Public Works, I went on: "After all, I don't believe in $140 a week for a station wagon."

"What's the matter?" she said. "Not enough?" She was a sharp one.

It was only fair, though, that I should have lost a vote because of the children. I certainly got enough because of them and I used the family picture shamelessly. I discovered that it is an article of faith among many of the Boston Irish that a man who has a large family must be a good man. I almost came to believe it myself. There was also a big sympathy vote for any candidate who had a lot of mouths to feed. "If he has that many kids," was the feeling, "he *needs* the job."

For example. A friend of mine was trying to sell me to a friend of hers. The other woman said, "I'm going to vote for Vin Shanley because he has eight kids."

My friend said, "Look at John Cort. He has nine."

The other replied, "Yes, but John Cort can support his kids. Shanley can't." She was wrong, of course, on both counts.

To counteract this sympathy vote, however, there was a tendency to circulate various data, real or imagined. One such was the glad news that my wife was related to the DuPonts. When confronted with this intelligence she would confess only to the fact that her cousin sells paint. Another one was that I came from Texas, presumably from a big oil or cattle family. There was also a vicious whispering campaign to the effect that I was born and raised in New York. This happens to be true and hurt me among the element who feel that coming from New York is little better than coming from Moscow.

Mostly, though, in going from door to door I was courteously received. I must say that the people from the auld sod have a courtesy and friendliness that is sometimes missing among native-born Americans. But considering the fact that I arrived in the midst of every conceivable domestic crisis—from bathing the baby to chastising Junior to arguing with the spouse—it is a wonder that I escaped unscathed.

FROM SUCH EXPERIENCES I picked up a few lasting impressions. One is a grudging admiration for politicians as a class. Sometime in their lives they must have sweat. From my own experience I can say that there is no more gruelling job in the world than running for office where there is any kind of a contest.

Another was the beneficial effect of house-to-house canvassing on almost anybody. It is especially salutary to be reminded once in a while in what lousy hovels we permit our poor to live. In fact, it was while tramping up and down the dank, smelly, unpainted, crumbling stair-wells of the apartments of the poor that I was reminded that my platform had one important plank missing: namely, a law to compel landlords to have at

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least the halls and exteriors of their houses painted and plastered at reasonable intervals.

It was interesting to note too that sometimes one would emerge from a "lower depths" type of hallway into an apartment that shone with brightness, just as, conversely, in the more prosperous districts one might enter from a bright, clean hallway into an apartment that reflected the disorder of the tenant. This phenomenon has given rise to such aphorisms as "Slums are people," or "A slum is a state of mind."

There is a kernel of truth here, but it is the kind of truth that is misleading if it is used to oppose measures for decent housing. Some people will mess up the most beautiful apartment, inside and outside, but this is no reason to excuse the landlord and the community from their particular share of responsibility. In my travels I saw fine, clean people living in apartment houses that were scarcely fit for animals.

Another lasting impression was this: the average voter is a profoundly cynical man, or woman. One young lady was so disgusted with politicians that she told me she intended never to vote again. Again and again I ran into the conviction that politics and dishonesty were synonyms. And this in a district, in a city, where Catholic politicians predominate.

As a matter of fact, the cynicism is by no means justified. Both the district and the city have produced honest officials, and even more who were at least as honest as the average voter. But the average voter does not want someone who is only as honest as himself. He wants a man who is able to resist the temptations which he knows in his heart that he himself would not be able to resist. And in a sense he is right. After all, the average voter at least has the honesty not to put himself forward as an object of trust.

What is more discouraging than the cynicism of the voters is the cynicism of the politicians. It is not that they equate politics with dishonesty. But to them, too often, politicians can be divided only between those who are reasonably dishonest and those who are unreasonably dishonest. It is simply a matter of degree.

Again and again the professionals will tell you, as they put the arm over the shoulders and lean close for the friendly word of advice, "Politics is a dirty game, John," or, in justifying some cute-but-slightly-soiled maneuver, simply, "That's politics." Often the man who tells you this is one whom, on over-all points, you would have to put down as a man of honor. He may have suffered for his integrity in the face of severe temptations. And his own career may have been fairly convincing evidence that moral carelessness is not essential to the profession. But still he persists in believing that he himself is a kind of exception to the general rule that to succeed in the game one must be ready, always, to look the other way.

ALL THIS is pretty dogmatic moralizing for a man who didn't make it himself. I became the first man in history to ring every doorbell (about eight thousand) in Ward 22. This is a minor distinction I shall carry proudly to the grave, but it wasn't enough to overcome my weaknesses as a candidate. One of these was that I had lived less than eight years in the ward and had spent very little time in local organizations—this in a ward where "born and raised in the district" is generally considered one of the first requirements for public office.

The best I could do was runner-up, third, in a field of ten. Looking back, I have to admit that this was better than I had any right to expect. It is a characteristic of political amateurs who make some pretense to idealism that they expect the electorate to roll over and beg as soon as they present themselves for office. But the electorate is neither a dumb dog nor an easy woman who can be swept off her feet by a whirlwind courtship. Like any sensible, decent woman she wants you to hang around awhile so she can get to know you, really know you, not just the party manners, but the real you.

There is no virtue in the political amateur that can exempt him from the discipline of politics: the laborious getting around and mingling, the hundred and one nights at the K. of C. meetings, the American Legion meeting, the choir practice, the variety show rehearsals, the wakes, the weddings, the dinners. If you like people enough to enjoy it, fine, but if you don't, brother, resign yourself. There is no other way.

And are you needed, you political amateurs with the pretense of idealism? You certainly are, if the idealism is anything more than a pretense. The people cry out for you. Even the politicians are waiting and hoping that you will appear, convinced that you cannot succeed, hoping that you will, hoping that the Bible maxims are right after all, that honesty is the best policy, that Mr. Deeds *can* go to town and Mr. Smith to Washington. I believe that the woods are full of politicians who would like to be honest *all* the time, if only someone could convince them that it works.

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His work is currently underestimated, but he remains one of our most competent novelists

J. P. Marquand, Esq.

by WILLIAM JAMES SMITH

J. P. MARQUAND tells an amusing and revelatory story about the genesis of his career. His first novel was a swashbuckling historical romance which he sold to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It was many years later that he discovered that the *Journal* had bought his story because they were introducing a new color illustration process and the editor thought historical romance was just the thing for laying it on thick.

Mr. Marquand has maintained something of this technicolor quality for thirty-five years. It is part of his great popularity that his novels have a colorful, an almost tactile, sensory appeal. In this time of staccato statement he is still able to write a five-hundred-page novel and take time out from a crucial scene to describe the table setting.

Mr. Marquand wrote potboilers for years. He invented an amusing, if stock, detective in Mr. Moto, who fell at Pearl Harbor. Mr. Marquand was frankly a money-runner and he made no bones about it. Interestingly, his heroes are given to pausing now and then to wonder whether money has not come too easily and too soon to them. It was not until *The Late George Apley* that Marquand found his true métier. Since that time he has turned out half a dozen *Apley's* and managed to make each one fresh and charming. It is hard not to put this triumph down to the simple fact that Mr. Marquand is an Old Pro. Like many distinguished predecessors he learned his trade well doing some high-paid hacking.

In a way, however, Mr. Marquand's "serious" success, with *Apley* and the Pulitzer Prize he won for it, came too soon. Instead of trudging along for years the way Cozzens did, his first big novel hit the jackpot critically. Subsequent versions of the same novel, however fresh and successful they may have been, inevitably have seemed anticlimactic to those who expected him to go on scaling the heights. Currently, as a result, his work is underestimated. The fact remains, however, that he is one of our most professionally competent novelists. And he has other claims to attention, being unique in several respects.

Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor on literary subjects, is an editor of *Atomic Industrial Forum*.

One of these distinctions arises from Mr. Marquand's personality. J. P. was born an elderly gentleman. And now that he is actually becoming that chronologically, his elderly gentleman heroes are coming more and more to resemble their creator. Mr. Marquand is singular in that respect in our age of youth-worship and beardless old men. The elderly—even the middle-aged—hero is the rarest of anomalies in our literature. French heroes are usually middle-aged and English heroes very often are, but American heroes never.

Mr. Marquand is unique in another more important respect in our literature. He is our only practitioner of the comedy of manners. Again, in this respect, he points up a peculiarity of our literature. Despite the almost unparalleled potentialities of our national life—historically and contemporaneously—we have produced virtually no comedy of manners. Even if we broaden the field to include the novel of manners generally, we can adduce only a handful of practitioners—the Southern Ladies (of whom there are surely more than Ellen Glasgow, though none come to mind) and the Edith Whartons and Henry Jameses, who packed their manners and took them off to where they would be appreciated.

IT IS MORE than casually significant that Edith Wharton should have turned to France and James to England where the novelists of manners traditionally (and almost exclusively) have flourished. In this country our aggressive democracy has made it seem tasteless, if not politically suspect, to notice, or at least to point out, differences of manners. And it is from these differences of manners, of course, economic or regional or purely social, that the novel of manners, and more especially the comedy of manners, springs.

This lack in our literature is explainable on another basis. The novel of manners is often posited, in these times of cyclonic social change, on the notion that things were better in the good old days when it *meant* something to have gone to Harvard, especially if your father had done so, and most superlatively so if your grandfather had done so. But while in England nearly everyone would agree that Oxford or Cambridge did truly *mean* something (witness the Angry Young Men

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who smart at their Red Brick University background), in America many young men from west of the Hudson, not entirely through naiveté, would be genuinely puzzled why Harvard should be preferable to State—especially since they both use the same textbooks.

We believe—and whether this stems from naiveté or vitality depends on one's semantic turn of mind—that an infatuation with the past betrays a weakness of personality. The past to us is essentially comic (*A Connecticut Yankee*) and at least slightly repulsive. But it is comic in the sense of hilariously eccentric, and we find in it no material for the relativistic comparisons that go to make up true comedy. Even Marquand, who is an exception to this rule, and just about the only one, shies away from admitting that he does more than smile indulgently at the innocent days back beyond those looming barriers of War and Depression.

Marquand is generally regarded as a satirist. And *Apley* is a satire to be sure, but like many a satirist before him Marquand fell hopelessly in love with the material he was satirizing—with New England and Harvard and civic responsibility and elms and fine old houses and awareness of social position and the Puritan virtues. Consequently his "satire," even in *Apley*, never bites and his predominating mood is one of nostalgia, an enormously "usable" emotion in the novel because it is gentle and undemanding. It is emotion once removed from the source and clouded over by the haze of retrospect. But it is warming and it accounts in large measure for Mr. Marquand's great, and deserved, popularity.

For anything else like it in contemporary literature we must again turn to the English. Joyce Cary, who is in many ways a novelist superior to Mr. Marquand, relies heavily on this same mood of sweet-sad recall. This nostalgic aura, of course, is not typical of the comedy of manners, and it is something of a triumph that Mr. Marquand manages to keep astringent in this potentially weepy air—a feat Mr. Cary did not always manage.

IN HIS latest success, *Women and Thomas Harrow*, (Little, Brown. $4.75.) Mr. Marquand cites an aphorism of the theater—a "bit" that goes over big once will go over big twice; after that you're pushing your luck. Mr. Marquand is proof that this does not hold in the world of the novel. He has done his big bit at least half a dozen times and it is still going over great. It is another respect in which he is uniquely successful.

Mr. Marquand's current hero is named Thomas Harrow. Like all his other heroes, it seems, Thomas Harrow is returning from the world of success to the little New England town which he loves, but to which he never quite belonged. Thomas Harrow in this case is the Dean of the American Theater, who is threatened by the rising Millers and Williamses and who feels that he is repeating himself. His immediate crisis is financial. Money and worldly possessions play an enormously important role in the lives of Marquand's heroes. Financial catastrophe, to be sure, usually means nothing more serious than dipping into capital, but in any event they worry earnestly about their problems.

Thomas Harrow, like his many predecessors, can look back over a long series of women who have in various ways served and bedeviled him. There is one, however, in the dim past, that he truly loved. She was a girl of the lower classes. On this score she comes in for some really hair-raising snobbery. Or, rather, her family does. Her father, if he is not actually something so bizarre as a laborer, is apt at best to be a "failure," i.e., not independently wealthy. He does not even belong to a club. And he may even, in the depth of his ignorance, wonder just what it is that makes daughter's boy friend so fanatically self-satisfied.

But, then, of course, the whole world loves a snob if he can carry it off. And Mr. Marquand can. The true love takes a snobbish beating herself, but she is beautiful and can survive it. She is apt to end up a little contemptuous. It is all symptomatic of Mr. Marquand's charming ambivalence and his ability to laugh at manners from either direction without losing sympathy. It is interesting that at its most ironic the beautiful young lady's family turns out to be Irish Catholic. This is not seen, in context, as religiously objectionable, it is merely socially grotesque!

Thomas Harrow's name and occupation (always duly elevated) vary from book to book, but otherwise things are pretty much the same. Even the spicing is the same—eccentric relatives, small-town types, much interior decorating, domestic crises. And no sex, no melodrama, no stunning resolution. It is a great tribute to Mr. Marquand's power of invention that each new version has the richness of detail, the factual verisimilitude, that brings each novel so convincingly alive. James Gould Cozzens again comes to mind in authenticating richness of background.

MR. MARQUAND is truly the Old Pro. If, like Thomas Harrow, he occasionally feels that he may be slipping, he has the assurance, again like Harrow, that he knows his business. At least fifty novels a year are published that put in a bid for more serious attention than Mr. Marquand's. And as a rule forty-nine disqualify because they are technically incompetent in the most elementary way. The flaws are not philosophical; they are purely mechanical, and they are devastating. Largeness of vision and honesty of attack are not enough to make a good novel. A good many would qualify on that basis. But Mr. Marquand can do more with a domestic scene or a comment on the decline of taste in home furnishing, appropriately illustrated, than many an earnest tyro can do with Marx

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and Oedipus and Zen Buddhism rolled into one big untidy mess.

This does not mean that anyone need turn to Mr. Marquand for specific instruction on how to write a novel. Mr. Marquand is Mr. Marquand and perhaps it is as happy for us as it is for his sales that there is only one of him in American letters. No one will be the better man for reading Mr. Marquand. All one can hope to learn is a few interesting facts about Federalist architecture. He doesn't recommend any Way of Life. He doesn't even offer advice on how to conduct one's love life. He has no edifying social attitudes—the ones he does have are more pre-Rooseveltian than New-York-*Post*-Enlightened. His heroes are notoriously incompetent in the conduct of their private lives and, what is worse, they don't learn. Mr. Marquand doesn't even offer conventionally happy endings.

What he does offer is an experience that is becoming increasingly rare—the feeling of being in competent hands. In a time when no one seems to know his own business—from taxi-driver to captain of industry—Mr. Marquand offers something rare and wonderful, the charm of craftsmanship, of squared corners and solid oak and careful joinings, of an eye for proportion and unpretentious decoration, of sensible comforts and sedate humor. Mr. Marquand builds a house that may fall into disfavor, but it will stand sturdy.

MYTH

I knew a man with a terrible obsession
who thought that he was fire
who would tramp the fields in hob-nail boots
turning all the timothy into ash
and all the wild geese into funerary jugs.
He had no fit so terrible as one I saw
at high noon when he turned a page
of Jeremiah and scorched the sands of Gideon
to glass. He was terrible another time
and cypresses curled like shavings at his touch;
roots yielded up their syrups and the sun
rocked in the oven of his eye. He moved
through the world, burning rivers from their beds,
tottering the centres of hoops, galvanizing
snowmen into juggernauts and pulled up to boiling
the streams of spring. O terrible this booted colossus
this hooting flame who saw all the world
in his obsession and made it do for tinder, flint
and furnace. Hulking in the sun, rattling
among poppies he contended for dominion
in the flaring orbit of his terrible obsession.

NED O'GORMAN.

THE SCREEN

BILLIARD BALLS AND PAPERWEIGHTS

ALL THE ingredients and possibilities for a good picture are in "The Roots of Heaven," but somehow it is a disappointment. Based on Romain Gary's novel, the film has Darryl F. Zanuck's handsome production, which was shot in CinemaScope and De Luxe Color in French Equatorial Africa, and it has a fine cast under the direction of John Huston.

Trevor Howard, who has played the troubled heroes of Graham Greene and Joseph Conrad, gives another of his intense, disturbing performances as the fanatic Morel who dashes hither and yon trying to get signatures for his petition to stop the shooting of elephants. He believes that these large beasts have a way of life and a dignity deserving consideration, that they have a lesson for man on this planet, and, furthermore, that you can't wipe out a whole species just to keep the world supplied with billiard balls and paperweights. With a St. Francis-like fervor, Morel appeals to the governor, the priest and the native Pan-African leader; when they refuse to sign his petition, he takes to the hills and jungles with his followers to carry on his crusade.

In spite of Howard's good performance, the role of Morel has a strangely static quality. Once stated, it fails to grow and only repeats itself in illustrations. The same can be said about the other characters, especially his odd group of disciples, who are also well played: Errol Flynn as a near-alcoholic who hits the bottle to forget his inglorious role in the World War; Juliette Greco as a hotel manager who was once forced into a house of prostitution during the war and "liberated" by soldiers of all nations; Edric Connor as the native leader who has temporarily joined the crusade only to further his own political movement; Olivier Hussenot as a baron who refuses to speak again until men stop killing each other; and Friedrich Ledebur as a Scandinavian scientist who objects to the use of science for the destruction of mankind and who thinks Morel's fight to save the elephants is a noble beginning in the fight to save man: "If you poison the roots of Heaven, the whole structure falls."

As cinema, "The Roots of Heaven" is remarkably slow. This is due mainly to the talky script (written by novelist Romain Gary and Patrick Leigh-Fermor) which too often settles for dialogue when action is needed. Only occasionally does the film come to life—as in the big scene in which Morel and his followers try to thwart the ivory poachers; or in the satirical episode in which an American T.V. broadcaster (played with gusto by Orson Welles) throws his weight around; or when Morel and his group publicly spank a

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woman hunter who has been boasting of her prowess; or when an American photographer (Eddie Albert) arrives to do a story on Morel.

Mr. Zanuck should have decided if he wanted to make a film with an idea or an adventure movie with some good rousing African scenes. In 1952 the English combined the ingredients well in a picture called "The Ivory Hunter." But "The Roots of Heaven" doesn't come through on either score.

AN IMPORT from France, "The Night Heaven Fell" is essentially a chase film set in Spain. Since Brigitte Bardot is in the cast, however, the emphasis is on her instead of the young man who was obviously meant to be the center of this turgid tale. Stephen Boyd plays this role of the hot-headed Spaniard with grim determination. After being brutally beaten by the count who was responsible for his sister's suicide, he kills the count, spends the night with the count's wife (Alida Valli, looking very dour), escapes with the help of the wife's niece (Brigitte, looking very Bardot). During the rest of the film, with the police in hot pursuit, Stephen and Brigitte race through some very attractive Spanish countryside by car, burro and on foot. Director Roger Vadim builds up a little suspense during the long chase but he is mainly concerned with the amatory excursion. Since these are flashy in a calculated sort of way, they don't add up to much—but neither does anything else except, possibly, the CinemaScope and Eastman Color shots of Spain and its inhabitants.

ANOTHER sexy little French item is "Pot Bouille," which stems somewhat vaguely from the Zola novel. Expertly directed by Julien Duvivier, it tells the story of an opportunist, a young man who comes to Paris to make his fortune in the latter part of the last century. Living in a swank apartment house where infidelities, conquests and amorous adventures are the thing, he soon falls into the game of love.

Although he gets nowhere with his boss (lovely Danielle Darrieux as the proprietess of a ladies' fabric shop) he has less trouble with other married women of his acquaintance, including Dany Carrel as the bride of a rather pathetic young man who is both a miser and a hypochondriac. "Pot Bouille" is meant to be a social satire and a comedy, but it is more often sad than funny; and because of its great length, its erotic episodes become quite repetitious. As usual Gerard Philipe gives an excellent performance as the self-centered young man who's determined to get ahead. Director Duvivier recreates the period well and some of the black-and-white photography is extraordinarily beautiful; but as a whole "Pot Bouille" is simply a pot boiler.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THE MUSIC OF OLD MANNERS

MR. HAROLD CLURMAN'S production of the last O'Neill play has about it—apart from other and less inevitable presences—an air of the supererogatory which is not to be dispelled. I am aware that this judgment runs cross-grained to the bullying clamor which would have you believe "A Touch of the Poet" a major document of the O'Neill literature, just as I recognize those elements in the new play which minister to the claim: Mr. Jerry Tallmer, in his excellent notice in *The Village Voice,* persuasively records them as objectivity, complexity, levity and effective symbolism. It is a point of inquiry, however, what final or absolute relation such aspects of talent may have to the uniqueness of Eugene O'Neill's theater; admirable in themselves, never less than desirable in a seasoned artist, they are yet a matter of intelligent craft rather than temperament or vision, and lend, I must think, but a secondary support to the metaphysical horror which is the real animation of the late O'Neill.

I take the achievement of "A Touch of the Poet" to be one of scale and variety, and the defect of this excellence, a loss of grandeur. Its central figure—the Irish gallant, Major Cornelius Melody, gone to seed, rusting away in whiskey and *amour propre* and fantasies of grace, tethered to that moment of youthful glory when he had been honored on the field by Wellington—is solidly in the O'Neill line; what is more, the personages about him have a certain hot life, energy and independent will uncommon in the playwright's later dramatic schemes. A fresh attentiveness to the texture of language is evident, a positive attempt at discrimination of modes of speech—not always happy, as in the character of Mrs. Harford, whose Boston gentilities have no conviction of reality. Of the world outside, there are rude intimations: this is not the claustral cage of "Long Day's Journey" or "The Iceman Cometh." From the frontier, Andrew Jackson threatens the new democracy, and among the "fish-blooded Yankees," preparing, with their money, their Puritan abstraction and will, the Industrial Revolution, "possessive nature" is a thing contemned and feared, excluded by hostile walls from their formal gardens.

It is impossible to resist, even in the recording of these notes, a gathering admiration for the artfulness with which O'Neill orchestrates and disposes this substance. He invokes familiar themes, of disastrous illusion, of private doom and love's mediation, yet he rests the play's fable not on any profound inward stress or, as it were, cosmic shudder, but on that biological collision of "the music of old manners"—of which Melody, with his tarnished will of aristocracy, is a

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broken chord—and the raw impulse of a thrusting, mercantile order. "A Touch of the Poet" becomes, then, social and political even in its finality, aspires to some degree of mythic comment on American possibility. Certainly this is an enhancement, and that "escape from personality" which the other late plays, with their intimate torment, deny us. If one resists it, may not that be because "A Touch of the Poet" has too much the air of ironic document about experience, and as a myth of romanticism or America, too little capacity for extension? This Con Melody (sic), at least as we know him, has no security of either tragic or comic resonance, but wanders in that hazardous shade of the zone between. To carry romantic authority, he would need more inclusiveness of life, more burning, more intelligent grief and light; to be subject to the cruel necessities of comedy, he should be seen more harshly in the scale of his destructive insignificance and grand illusion of monomania. The dry ice of "a hell of pride" is less the atmosphere of art than of moral pathology.

I have taken the line that Melody is the focus of "A Touch of the Poet," yet a case might equally be put for his daughter, Sara, as the play's richest consciousness and the heiress of its wisdom. Indeed, for a work of such ambiguities, many productions would be possible, each shedding its characteristic light, each with the stress or impact of private conviction. Mr. Harold Clurman, whose program note is evidence of his thematic grasp of the play, has settled for a mild realism, a *grisaille* intermittently vivid with emotional clamor, as is the dun-colored stage startled to life by Melody's splash of scarlet tunic. However feasible, it is a disappointing choice of theatrical tone, quite without spell: I felt, and sensed about me, almost no involvement in the scene. A blunt response would find this current whole of "A Touch of the Poet" tedious. Of practical comments, two: the mirror, so profoundly implicated in the play's symbolic statement, must either be rearranged so as to be invisible to the audience, or else given a more persuasive reality; at the moment, it affronts constantly with its crude and silvered lie. And the last scene, dense with motifs, might profit from some distribution of pressure and effects; family brawls in art should not be as incoherent as they are in life.

It is, of course, a delicate point as to how much a director, working with four such incisive theater personalities as Miss Hayes, Mr. Eric Portman, Miss Betty Field and the young Miss Stanley, may control the substance of his play. This production of "A Touch of the Poet" would seem to imply a melancholy limitation on that power. Mr. Portman's performance is neither exact nor enlarging, and seems curiously detached from the whole of which it should be a part. It has, to be sure, physical assertiveness and a kind of rumbling authority, and is not without an intermittent wild glamour. So monotonous, however, is its speech rhythm—the last word of every sentence is given a rising stress—and so wanting the characterization in Irish lyricism or sensibility, that all conviction of reality is dispelled. Mr. Portman's British diction destroys totally that moment of great dramatic horror in "A Touch of the Poet," its only stroke of genius, when Melody lapses again into the hated brogue.

Miss Helen Hayes enjoys, and doubtless with justice, such personal eminence in American affections, that no one, perhaps not even Mr. Clurman, will tell her how embarrassing is the spectacle she makes in "A Touch

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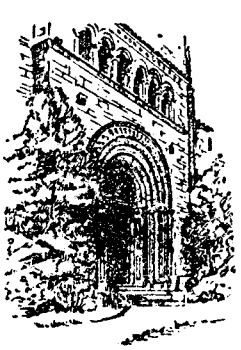

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of the Poet": coarsely patronizing, unfaithful to the O'Neill intention, self-indulgent, and full of a kind of ruthless, though unconscious, exhibitionism. I say unconscious because Miss Hayes is not an insensible person, and seems to be moved by a genuine sincerity of intent. Her fault is a positive indifference to decorum or taste, and it permits her, as an actress, dissolute liberties she would never allow herself as a woman. Civilization has been defined as the delaying of an immediate satisfaction for the richer fulfillment of a later one. Miss Hayes is not content to wait; she *must* have her responses, at whatever destructive cost or tone, reality or art. In this, she gratifies a public which seems to have surrendered, and joyously, the privilege of discrimination and rebuke.

Miss Field plays with a kind of vacuous absentia, one way, surely, of suggesting desiccated breeding, and perhaps a fair enough equivalent to her role, which is an anomaly imported into "A Touch of the Poet" from another dramatic sequence. An actress of classical experience might have brought some opaque lustre and exhausted, ironic finality to this character, but nothing in Miss Field's career has prepared her for such demands.

In this absence of angels, *faute de mieux,* as it were, Miss Kim Stanley must carry the play's central weight, a responsibility acquitted with beauty as well as force. Miss Stanley's work shows evidence of no great culture or variety of spiritual impulse; it is reckless with its own pleasure of energy, often a little uncertain in taste and smeared with a youthful egotism. To this passionate certitude of self, however, Miss Stanley joins an equal concern with the object: she is ever the servant of what is larger than her private insistence or personality, and it is this generous humility before art, however baffled or diverted or unsure of its end, which makes her a figure of power and saving grace in our theater.

What is singular, finally, about this last play of Eugene O'Neill is the quality of its American flavor and impulse. It was, we are told, only one design in a vast dramatic mosaic of the national experience: another of those ambitions so rash and so touching, to which our artists are vulnerable, and which is buried now, forever irrecoverable, in the well of time: a wreckage perhaps, possibly a treasure. What remains with us at the last is the tenderness of its attitude towards idealism, some positive refusal to be harsh with it, which I take to be peculiarly American; this, and the triumph of its innocent dream of love, that safe harbor of all the shipwrecks of pride. Together, these themes make a gentle music, and a poignant coda to the labors of the most important—indeed, one says it with gratitude—the greatest dramatist in our literature. *(At the Helen Hayes.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

OF NOTE

POPE PIUS XII AND THE JEWS

MANY Protestant and Jewish leaders expressed sympathy and deep regret at the death of Pope Pius XII. A comment of particular interest, dealing with his efforts on behalf of the Jewish victims of Nazi persecution, appeared in a recent issue of the *Jewish Newsletter* (P.O. Washington Bridge Sta., New York 33, N.Y.), written by its editor, William Zukerman. The text of Mr. Zukerman's tribute to the Pope is presented here in a somewhat shortened form.

It is understandable why the death of Pius XII should have called forth expressions of sincere grief from practically all sections of American Jewry. For there probably was not a single ruler of our generation who did more to help the Jews in their hour of greatest tragedy, during the Nazi occupation of Europe, than the late Pope. It is appropriate on this occasion to mention a few specific facts, confirmed by history, about the rescue of thousands of Jewish Nazi victims by the Vatican which was one of the greatest manifestations of humanitarianism in the twentieth century, as well as a new and effective method of fighting anti-semitism.

I. During the last critical years of the war, when the Germans occupied Italy, the grounds of the Vatican as well as the churches in Rome under its jurisdiction, considered neutral territory by international law, were thrown open to the Jews by order of the Pope as a sanctuary. Any Jew from any country who could manage to reach the Vatican was admitted without questions and thereby removed from Nazi jurisdiction.

II. The same method of protecting Jews through the internationally recognized neutrality of the Vatican was used by the Papal Nuncios in other countries who freely issued "protective passports" to Jews threatened by the Nazis, thus placing them under the jurisdiction of the Vatican.

III. Catholic monasteries and convents in France, Belgium, Italy and other countries of Europe, opened their doors to Jewish victims of Nazism and they became well known as hiding places for entire Jewish families, particularly for children. This was a fundamental policy of Pope Pius in the beginning of the war which he maintained throughout the Nazi occupation of Europe in the face of great difficulties and dangers.

IV. Thousands of Jewish refugees in danger of Nazi deportation were smuggled out from Nazi-occupied countries by an underground movement organized for that purpose by members of the Catholic clergy with the knowledge and authority of the Vatican.

V. The courageous Encyclicals, Pastoral Letters

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and sermons issued by the Pope himself and by many archbishops and bishops throughout Europe denouncing the inhumanity of specific acts of Nazi persecution of the Jews were the only rays of light in the long dark night of Nazism and they provided the hope and comfort which the Jews needed as much as the physical aid in a time of their greatest anguish.

All these acts, which were gratefully acknowledged by the Jewish communities of Rome and other cities, point to one highly significant conclusion which has not yet been sufficiently implanted in the minds of many people, Jews and non-Jews alike. This is that the movement of Christians of all denominations to save the Jews from Nazi extermination, which sprang up spontaneously in all countries of Europe during the height of the Nazi persecution and in which the Vatican played so important a role, was not only a manifestation of humanitarianism in an age when evil reached the height of its power. It was also a positive attack on anti-semitism which was bound to have tremendous effects on Christianity itself and on the relations between Christians and Jews. It has already markedly reduced religious anti-semitism in the West and is bound to do so still more in the future. . . .

BOOKS

Melodramatic Story and Novel of Ideas

THE BELL. By Iris Murdoch. Viking. $4.50.

By JOHN P. SISK

NOW THAT Miss Murdoch has published her fourth book it should be apparent to her American readers that they have been watching the development of a British novelist who for style, humor, insight into character and concern with important issues has few equals among younger novelists on either side of the ocean. The word "development" is right here; *The Bell* is an advance over the previous *The Sandcastle,* just as that novel was an advance over the brilliant fantasy of *Flight From the Enchanter.*

The Bell is worked out in one of the best, if oldest, testing situations: a communal withdrawal from the world. The religious lay community in this instance is established in the spacious grounds and manor of Imber Court, in spiritual conjunction with a nearby cloister of Anglican nuns. The chief characters are Dora, an art student unhappily married to the domineering Paul, an art historian who is visiting Imber to study medieval manuscripts; Michael, owner of Imber and leader of the community, an ardent but confused seeker after perfection whose cross is his homosexuality; James, by profession a teacher, a man of simple but powerful integrity whom Michael considers his superior; Catharine, a withdrawn, mysterious beauty, secretly in love with Michael, for whom Imber is intended as a novitiate to the nunnery; her dissipated brother Nick, who as a schoolboy was involved in a scandalous affair with Michael, then his teacher, and whom the community hopes to salvage for Catharine's sake; Toby, an appealing and handsome boy who, while visiting the community, is the occasion of a fresh outbreak of Michael's homosexuality; and Mother Clare, the Abbess of the nunnery and real spiritual director of the lay community.

No less important than these human figures, however, is the bell. The bell of the title is twofold: it is the new bell the community is planning to install ceremoniously in the Abbey, and it is the legendary old bell, said to have flown from its tower into Imber's lake following a scandalous fourteenth-century love affair involving one of the nuns. Everything centers around one or another manifestation of this bell.

As new bell it is the emblem of James' and Michael's sermons, for the whole community anticipates it as an instrument that will give significant structure to the group effort. As old bell it is accidentally discovered by Toby and clandestinely dragged out of the lake by him and Dora, who plans its "miraculous" substitution for the new bell as an act that will somehow define her for herself and the community. It is Nick's sabotaging of the new bell, by weakening the causeway over which it must pass, in order to strike back at Michael and frighten his sister out of her plans to enter the nunnery, that precipitates the events with which the story ends: Catharine's attempted suicide and eventual madness, the revelation of Michael's infatuation with both Nick and Toby, Nick's own suicide and the dissolution of the community. And it is Dora's decision, when it is no longer possible to substitute bells, to ring the hidden old bell in the middle of the night that begins the process of making her a real person.

One might conclude from this summary that Miss Murdoch has written a melodrama. It must be admitted that here, as in her other books, she has a fondness for the sensational and the coincidental. In *The Bell* the development hinges too much, perhaps, on such devices as the overheard conversation, the dropped letter, the too-chancy meeting and the marvelous rescue (here it is Mother Clare diving into the lake to save the drowning Catharine and Dora).

But what is more important is that Miss Murdoch is writing a highly charged story and is not afraid to use the extreme means she needs. The melodramatic qualities in her novel are an aspect of her vitality; they are there ultimately to reveal

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meaning, and they do not interfere with her subtle and sympathetic penetration into character nor her respect for the values that bring these people together at Imber.

Miss Murdoch, in short, has written a rare kind of book that is both absorbing story and novel of ideas. Ideas are completely integrated with the action. I take the chief ideas (simple enough when considered abstractly) to be these: that this or any human enterprise is bound to founder if its leaders apprehend the individual too naively and narrowly (as James does), or if they have not learned in their own persons (as Michael has not) the subtle ways by which virtue becomes vice. But perhaps most important is the meaning of Dora: the lesson of her courageous leap in the dark as a result of which she discovers herself. The final irony is that she, the casual visitor to whom the experiment in simplicity offered least, ultimately gains most.

Artist and Critic

GRANITE AND RAINBOW. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

By MAX COSMAN

IN GIVING herself to her talent —it meant living in terms of self-consciousness—Virginia Woolf nevertheless avoided an inherent danger. She did not project an image of herself and let the image be the writer as did Byron, at least according to John Wain. And though the divine to her, as to other members of Bloomsbury, was art, and literature the incarnation, never did she ever develop obsessional theories. As a result she could honor the fine-drawn principles of Pater and of G. E. Moore but keep them in order with good sense. Or, put differently, she could philosophize about life as a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end, but at the same time, in whatever company she was, sensibly try to find out what it was like to be the conductor, the woman with ten children, the bank clerk, the miner she was close to.

To serve art, then, precluded attitudinizing and confusion; it also presupposed study. And study she did. An inveterate reader—extraordinarily excited and exalted, rushing about recognizing heroes, as she has described the class, she ranged through a great number of writers. No fecund spirit, English or French, American or Russian, ever was alien to her. Her interrogation usually took the form of What have you achieved? How?

This concern with attainment and its creative mechanisms was, as for many like her, combined with something else—the establishment of a personal identity. In this sense, her essays, criticism, and reviews, some of which were collected by her under the title, *The Common Reader,* and others which her husband later put together in *The Death of the Moth,* etc., are really records of her efforts.

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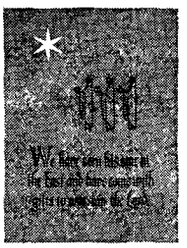

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Granite and Rainbow is no exception. Incidentally, its twenty-seven pieces, forgotten in periodicals at home and abroad, might never have been re-published, had not a pair of research workers brought them to light again. Accidental genesis notwithstanding, the book is quite representative of Virginia Woolf. It is embroidered with observations which are true of the writers she is dealing with and uncannily true of herself. Thus in Meredith she notes his pressing out of truth "with as little resort to dull fact as may be." In Sterne she observes "the portrayal of exquisite instants and pangs of emotion." But most delicately illuminating is her comment on the ghost stories of Henry James: "his characters with their extreme fineness of perception are already half-way out of the body." It is as if she were anticipating the verdict of time on the characters in her own fictions.

If her identity as artist is illustrated in *Granite and Rainbow*, so is her identity as human being. Those biographically knowledgeable will not fail to see traits much like her own standing out in the approval of Whitman's "capacity for pleasure," and of Raleigh's "extremely vigorous and individual mind," and of Walpole's taking up such a position in life that he "sees the spectacle from his own angle." Even in a neophyte essay like that on Oliver Wendell Holmes, how she adumbrates herself in noticing "he hated pomp and stupidity, and disease." The last point is portentous in view of her illness, fears and, finally, her death.

The arts Virginia Woolf graced are, of course, given due attention. General discussions like Phases of Fiction and The New Biography mingle with specific critiques of authors like that of Hemingway. The analysis of "Papa" on the basis only of *The Sun Also Rises* and *Men Without Women* is a tour de force. It is matched, to be sure, by summary *obiter dicta* like "tumult is vile; confusion is hateful; everything in a work of art should be mastered and ordered" (apropos of the novel of the future) and "he wanted a subject that could allow him all possible freedom and yet possess enough emotional warmth to curb his inborn verbosity" (as neat a pinning down of a past moth like De Quincey as one can ask for).

There is no question about it: examined in such manner as its genre invites, *Granite and Rainbow* is a valid addition to the canon of Virginia Woolf.

Adult Summary of Faith and Practice

LIFE IN CHRIST. Instructions in the Catholic Faith. By James Kilgallon and Gerard Weber. 720 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill. $1.

By GERARD S. SLOYAN

THE NORMAL place for the instruction (or "catechesis") of the faithful is at the Sunday Mass. Discussion clubs, study circles and adult education schemes, admirable in themselves, can unfortunately be testimony to the fact that pulpit catechesis in a liturgical setting is not being presented very well. A nadir is reached when the flourishing state of such classes and the inefficacy of the Sunday sermon are equally taken for granted. These two chief media of instruction are distinct and complementary, but today they seem to be related as quality substitute for a botched job.

There is a different catechetical need, however, than the usual one which should be met for adult believers in the usual way. That other requirement is the one experienced by seekers after faith, or by those who have found faith and simply need fuller acquaintance with divine mystery. For prospective new Christians, for those already Christian who wish to be Catholic, for newly fervent but poorly-instructed Catholics, there has been no fit substitute since the lapse of the "catechumenate" for a catechesis directed immediately to

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this end. In a culture as literate as ours there is no fit substitute for the catechism, which is conceived as an adult summary of faith and practice.

Two priests of the Archdiocese of Chicago have produced in *Life in Christ* an adult catechism which seems to the reviewer superior to anything available in this form. The form, let it be stressed, is a good one. The question-and-answer does not befit the child only. It befits the inquirer of any age. With faith, and even with the search for faith, there comes a certain directness—a simplicity. Provided the responses are not absurdly apodictic, the inquirer welcomes the precision joined to firmness which marks the technique.

A virtue of the method's use in this small volume is that the responses are always adequate and at times full, since no memorization is contemplated. Question-and-answer is not the only form employed. There is an orientation to each chapter accomplished by a brief expository section, preceded in turn by an extended quotation or quotations from the Bible. Each chapter concludes with a section on "Liturgy" or "Practice." Concrete suggestions as to prayer life are given in boldface. These include: "Read the Acts of the Apostles, all twenty-eight chapters, just as you would any other short book," or "Begin the practice of saying the rosary. Make an effort to say it every day." "Section 11" on the Resurrection of Jesus concludes with a compact summary of the Easter Vigil, Mass, and season as they are celebrated in the parish.

The great question in catechisms is how to order them, once the problems of vocabulary and thought patterns have been met. The five distinct "Parts" of *Life in Christ* bear these titles: The Gift of Life, Christ the Life, The Church the Body of Christ, Growth in the Divine Life, and The Commandments of God. The first concerns the creation and our great gift of sonship of God in Christ, the second outlines the Hebrew preparation for Christ, His earthly career and saving roles. Part III on the Mystical Body is concluded by a section on "Mary, the Mother of Christ and the Church," her sole appearance in the exposition of the Redemption. The fourth Part deals with the Mass and the other sacraments and has a section on sacramentals. It opens, fittingly, with a treatment of the sacred liturgy which takes its lead from the encyclical letter of 1948 on the question. That letter, "Mediator Dei," sets the tone for the whole book in a sense—surely for its treatment of Christian prayer.

The catechism is replete with use of the Bible. On occasion the sacred texts will be given in their setting in the liturgy. It may be ungenerous to remark it, but one misses the kind of use of the Old Testament which marked the catechesis of the first thousand years in the Church. Undoubtedly the authors, feeling that they could not do everything, forewent the attempt to introduce Christ to the believer through the divinely chosen medium of His human antecedents. (The one chapter on the Old Testa-

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ment has a good nine questions, but we do not speak of that limited use.) The sense of unfulfilled longing, the great types of Christ—notably David who does not appear, while mention of kingship and a Messiah inconsistently do—are absent from the account. In other words, the welcome exhortation of *Life in Christ* to read the Old Testament is not matched by any real clue about what to find there. The fathers of the Church could not have been content with that. They had public Scripture readings to bank on, it is true (which fact may sufficiently account for the Kilgallon-Weber silences). Nonetheless, in a near-perfect catechesis, one cannot but miss the distinguishing feature of all of the ancient catechesis.

For the rest, the small volume is satisfying on every count. It is written by informed men, men without illusions. One has the feeling throughout that they employ the great educational principle of never underestimating the intelligence of the common man, and never overestimating his information. Most important of all, the book conveys the idea that it is dealing with initiation into a new existence—a human share in the high and holy Mystery of Christ.

The Years of "Klondicitis"

THE KLONDIKE FEVER. By Pierre Berton. Knopf. $5.75.

By JOHN COURNOS

FOR ABOUT twenty years men had dug along the Yukon—for gold. Gold was scarce, hope plentiful. Two of the prospectors, Carmack and Henderson, who worked together, decided to separate. Carmack was to try his luck on Rabbit Creek, a tributary of the Klondike, and let his partner know if he made a lucky strike. It was a promise never kept, and Henderson, before his demise, knew what it was to be pursued by the Furies. In any event, Carmack happened (though his companions claimed the honor) upon the protruding rim of bedrock from which he pulled a thumb-sized chunk of gold. "The gold was there, lying thick between the flaky slabs of rock like cheese in a sandwich." The news got around and soon there was a host of men staking out claims. Only Henderson didn't know. This was in the summer of 1896.

The next act of the drama occurred in June of the following year, when two small vessels, *Alice* and *Weare*, headed for civilization, each loaded with a single cargo: gold. "There was gold in suitcases and leather grips, gold in boxes and packing-cases, gold in belts and pokes of caribou hide, gold in jam jars, medicine bottles, and tomato cans, and gold in blankets held by straps and cord . . . a total of three tons in the form of dust and nuggets." There were something like

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eighty prospectors on board the two vessels; they had been paupers only a few months before. They represented many conditions of men, including a former drygoods merchant, a former laundryman, a former mounted policeman, etc. They had come from all parts of the world. Besides these two vessels, there were three others, regular ocean-going ships. It was only when the *Excelsior* got in at San Francisco that the word "Klondike" was on the lips of the nation.

It was then that the stampede started, suddenly, spontaneously, without any previous build-up. It was not at all like the California Gold Rush of '49, when pioneers were on the westward march anyhow, when the trek for gold merely seemed more promising than any other of the many treks. What started was a mania so unreasoning and so fierce that it led to the coining of the word "Klondicitis," as though it were some new disease, which indeed it was, that required a name to make it sound like one.

Many instances of the form the malady took are given by the painstaking author. Here is a sample: "A New York printer named William Miller, suffering from Klondicitis in the first week of the stampede, tried to raise five hundred dollars from his friends to make the trip north. When he failed to get enough money he lost his reason and the police had to be called to prevent mayhem." Another effect on people was that they "began seeing gold everywhere. A group of Italian laborers in New York City saw gold in some sand in which they were digging and began to talk to newspapermen of fortune." The phrasemakers were busy too, overworking adjectives. The word "gold" was not enough. It had to be "rich, yellow gold," or "hard, solid gold," or "shining gold." The epidemic was relatively short-lived. It had its quietus the following year, when the Klondike gold ran short and the Spanish-American War broke out.

What of the men who had succeeded in becoming rich as the result of Klondike? "The kings of Eldorado toppled from their thrones one by one." One man drank part of his fortune away; his wife deserted him, taking the rest with her. Another died in the poorhouse. A third was ruined "by the very thing that had made him wealthy—an obsession with property." A fourth, better than the others, became a philanthropist, but lost his money because "he was no businessman." The author provides a long catalogue of Klondike failures. All through, it's a case of "easy come, easy go." One thing the author makes clear. The men who made the money were never the same afterward.

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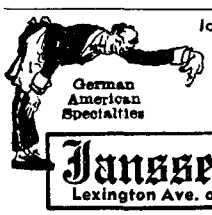

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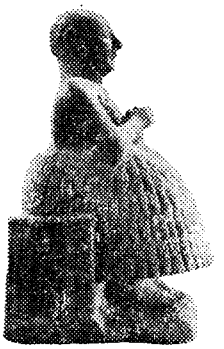

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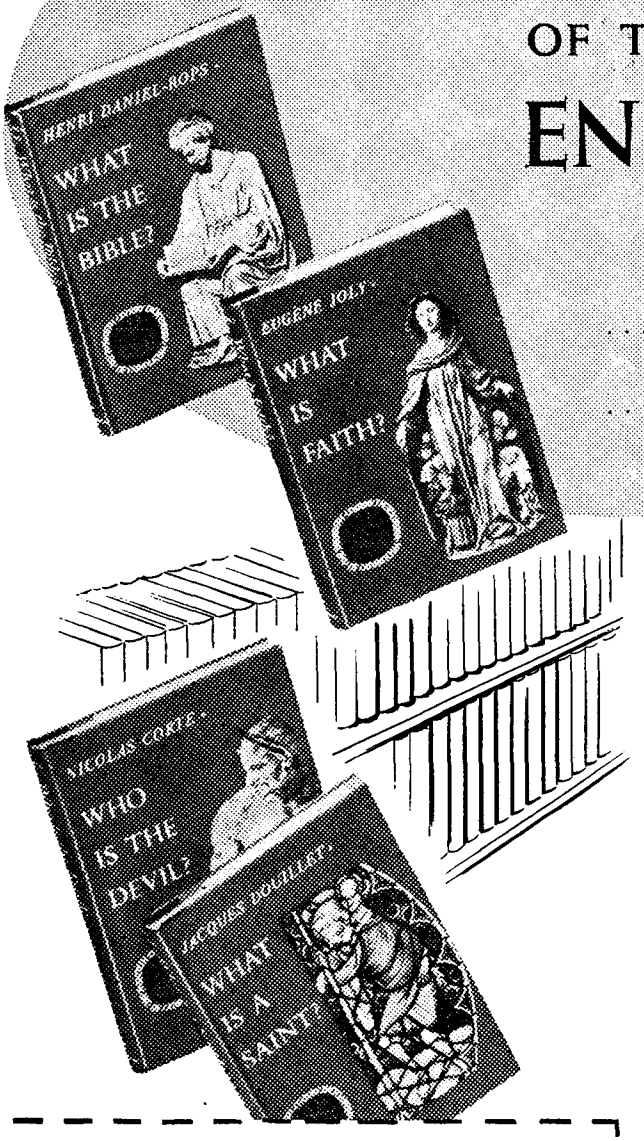

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